SYR Degore.

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LOrdinges and ye wyl holde you styl
A gentyl talc tel you I wyl
Of knyghtes of this countre
That hath trauayled be yonde the see
To seke auentures bothnyght and day
And howe they might their strenght assay
As did a knight his name was syr Degore
One of the best that was founde him before
Some time in england there was a kynge
A noble man of maners in al thynge
Stout in armes and vnder shelde
Ful muche douted in batayle and felde
There was no man then verament
That with him iusted in turnemente
That out of his styrop myght bryng his fote
He was so strong without doute
The kynge had no chyldren but one
A doughter as whyte as whales bone
That mayden he loued as his lyfe
Her mother was deed the Quene his wife
In trauayle of chylde she dyed alas
But when that mayden of age was
Kynges sonnes her wowed then
Emperours dukes and other men
To haue that mayden in maryage
For loue of her great heritage
But then the kynge did them answer
That no man shuld wedde her
But yf that he myght with stout iustynge
The kynge out of his sadel brynge
And done him lose his styroppes two
Many assayed and myght naught do

Euery yer as ryght it wolde
A great feaste wolde he holde
upon his Queues mournynge day
That was buryed in an abbay
So on a day the kyng wold ryde
To an abbay there beside
To do Diriges and malles bothe
The poore to fede and the naked to clothe
His owne doughter with him rode
And in the forest tyl she a bode
She called her chamberlaine her to
And other maydens she did also
And sayde a downe she must a lyght
Better her clothes to amend and ryghte
A downe they bene a lyght at thys
Her damosels and so dyd she
A ful longe stounde there she abode
Tyl al the meyne from her rode
They gate vp and after they wolde
But they could not the ryght way holde
The wodde was rough and thicke iwis
And they toke theyr waye al amysse
They rode south they rode west
Into the thicke of that forest
And into a launde they came at the laste
Then beryed they wonder faste
Then wyst they wel amysse they had gone
And a downe they lyght euerichone
And they called al in fere
But there myght no man them heare
The wether was hote before the none
They wist not what was best to done

But lady them do wne vpon the grene
Some fell on slepe as I wene
Thus they fel on slepe euerychon
Sauyng the kinges daughter alone
She went aboute and gathered floures
And to here the songe of smale foules
So longe she dyd forth pas
That she wist neuer where she was
The waye to her damoseles she wolde haue nome
But she wyst neuer howe to come
Then gan she crye wonder sore
She wepte and wronge her handes thore
And sayd alas that I was bore
For wel I wote I am forlore
For wylde bestes wyl me rynde
Or any man may me fynde
And then she saw a ioyful sight
To her came prickinge a fayre knyght
Ful wel he semed a gentylman
And riche clothes him vpon
wel farynge both of fote and hand
There was none such in that land
So thought a man then was he
He sayde madam God you se
Be ye not a drede of me ryght nought
I haue none armes with me brought
I haue the loued thys many a yere
And now I haue found you here
Thou shalt be my lemman or I go
whether it tourne to wele or wo
No more to do then coulde she
But wept and cryed and could not flye

A none he began her to behold
And did with her what he wolde
And beraft her mayden hode
And than beloze the ladye he stode
He sayd madam gentyl and fre
wyth child I wot wel that ye be
wel I wot it shalbe a knawe
Therloze my swearde he shal haue
Wyth good swerde of ameaunt
foz therwith I slewe a Gyaunt
I brake the point in his head
And in the felde I it leued
Dame take it vp lo it is here
foz thou spekest not with me this many a yere
And yet perauenture time may come
That I may speke with my sonne
And by thys sword I maye him ken
He kyssed his loue and went then
The knight passed as he come
Al weping the lady the swerd vp nome
She went a waye soze wepinge
And found her maydens slepinge
She had the swerd as she myght
And called them vp anone ryght
And toke theyr hozses euerychone
And began to ryde forth anone
And then there came at the last
Many a knyght prychinge fast
Fro the kynge they were sent
To wete whither they went
They brought them into the hye waye
And rode in feare to that abbay

There was done ferris and althing
With many a masse and ryche offering
And when seruyce was al done
And gan to passe the hye none
The kynge vnto his palais gan ryde
And muche people by hys syde
When euery man was glad and blythe
The Lady sowned many a syth
Her bely waxed more and more
She wepte and wrenge her handes sore
So vpon a daye she gan sore wepe
A mayden of hers tooke good kepe
And sayd madame for charite
Why ye do wepe ye wyl tel me
Mayden and I thel the before
And thou me wray I were but lore
For I haue bene euer meke and mylde
And truly nowe I am with childe
And yf any man it vnderyede
Euery man walde tel in euery stede
That my father on me it wan
For I loued neuer other man
And yf my father it may wete
Such sorowe his herte may gette
That he shal neuer mery man be
For al his ioye is layde on me
And told the damesel al in fere
Howe the chylde was begotten on her
Nowe gentyl Ladye greue you noughte
For styl it shal be forth brought
Shal no man it were cretaynly
Trewly madame but you and I

Tyme was come she was vnbounde
And delyuered both hole and founde
A man childe there was borne
Glad was the Ladye therfore
The mayden serued her at her wyll
And layde the childe in the cradel
She wrapped hym in clothes anone
And was al readie for to haue gone
yet was the chyld vnto the mother holde
She gaue it twentye pound in golde
And ten pound in syluer also
Under his head she can it do
Muche it is that a chylde behoues
She put with hym a payre of gloues
Her leman gaue her them in a stonde
They wold els on no womans hande
On childes neither womans they nolde
But on his mothers handes they wolde
And bad the chylde no wyfe wed in lande
But the gloues wolde on her hande
For they myght serue no where
Saue the mother that dyd hym beare
A letter with the chylde put she
With the gloues also perde
She knyt the letter with a threde
About his necke a ful good spede
Then was in the letter writte
Whoso it founde shulde it wytte
For Christes loue if anye good man
This wofull chylde fynde can
Do hym be chrystened of prestes hande
And to helpe hym to lyue in lande

With this kyuer that is here
Tyl he may armes bere
And healpe him with his owne good
For he is come of geneyl bloud
And when she had thus done
The mayden toke her leue ryghte sone
With the childe in the cradel and al thing
She stale awaye in the euenyng
And went her way she wyst not where
Through thicke and thyn in the bzere
She went al the wynter nighe
By shininge of the mone light
Then was she redely ware anone
Of an Hermitage made of stone
An holy man had there his dwellynge
And thyther she wente without letynge
And sed the cradel at the doze
For she durst dwel do longer thoze
But turned agayne anone right
And came agayne the same nyghe
The Heremite rose on the mozowe
And eke his knaue also
Lozd he sayde I cry the mercy
For nowe I here a yonge childe crye
This holy man his doze vntide
And found the cradel in that stede
He lyft vp the shete anone
And loked vpon the lytel grome
Than helde he vp his ryght honde
And thanked Jesus Christ of his sonde
He bare the childe into the chapel
For ioye of him he rouge the bell

And layed vp the glowes and the treſure
And chriſtened the chylde with great honour
And in the worſhyp of the Trinite
He called the childes name Degore
For Degore to vnderſtande it is
But thing that almoſt is loſt iwis
As thinge that is almoſte a go
Therfore called that chylde ſo
The heremite was an holy man of life
He had a ſyſter that was a wife
He ſent the childe to her ful rathe
with much mony by his knaue
And bad he ſhuld take good hede
And the chylde to nouryſhe and fede
And this ietel chylde Degore
unto that Citie was I bore
The good man and his wife in fere
The chylde they kepte as it theyr owne were
Tyl it was.x. wynter olde
He wared a fayre chylde and a bolde
wel taught fayre and kinde
There was none ſuche in al that ende
what tyme.x. yere was come and ſpent
unto the heremyte they him ſent
The Heremyte longed hym for to ſe
Then was he a fayre childe and fre
He taught the chylde of clerkes lore
Other.x. wynter wythouten more
And whan he was of.xx. yere
He was a manne of greate powere
There was no yonge man in that lande
That might ſtand a brayde of hys hande

And when the heremite that did se
That the man so stronge shold be
A stalworth men in any werke
And of his time a wel good clerke
He to his Florence and his gloues
That he had kept from him in his house
But his .x. pound that was sterlinge
was spent about the childes kepyng
the heremite toke him his letter to rede
He loked therin the same stede
Syr he sayd by saynt Charyte
was this letter made by me
ye sonne by hym that me deme shal
Thus I founde the and tolde him al
He set him downe on knees ful blythe
And thanked the Heremite many sith
And sayd he wold not rest in londe
Tyl the time he had his father founde
He gaue the hermite halfe his golde
And the remnaunt vp he solde
He toke his leue and fayne wold go
The Heremite sayd he shuld not so
To seke thy kynne thou mayst not endure
without good horse and good armure

How sir Degore fought with a Dragon in a forest and slewe him.

Syr heremite he sayd in dede
I wyl haue no other wede
But a battre in my hande
Myne enemyes therwith to withstande
A ful good sapelyng of an oke

On whome he set ther with a stroke
where he neuer so tall a man
Nor yet so good armure him vpon
He wold him fell to the grounde
With that same bat in that stounde
The childe kylled the heremite tho
And toke hys leue for to go
Degore went forth his way
Through a forest halfe a day
He herd no man nor sawe none
Tyll yt past the hye none
Then herd he great strokes fal
That made great noyse with al
Ful sone he thought that thyng to se
To wete what the strokes might be
There was an erle both stout & gay
He was come thyther that same day
For to hunt for a dere or a do
But his houndes were gon hym fro
Then was there a Dragon great & grymme
Full of fyre and also venymme
Wyth a wide throte and tuskes great
Upon that knyght fast gan he bete
And as a lyon then was hys feete
Hys tayle was longe and ful vnmete
Betwene his head and his tayle
Was xrii. fote withouten fayle
Hys body was lyke a wine tonne
He shone ful bryght againste ỳ sonne
His eien were bryght as any glasse
His scales were hard as any brasse
And therto he was necked lyke o horse

He bare his head vp with great force
The breth of hys mouth that dyd outblowe
As it had bene a fyre on lowe
He was to loke on as I you tell
As it had bene a fiende of hel
Many a man he had shent
And many a horse he had rente
And to that earle harde batayle he gan
But he defended him like a man
And boldly smote him with his swerde
but of al his strockes he was not a ferde
Hys skynne was hard as any stone
wherfore he might him no harme done
And when the erle syr Degore se
Healpe syr he sayd for saynt charyte
And then answered syr Degore
Full gladly syr and God before
when the Dragō of Degore had a sygh
He left the earle and came to him rygh
And the chylde that was so stronge
Toke his staffe that was so longe
And smote the Dragone so on ỹ crowne
That in that wodde he fell downe
And then that dragon anone rygh
Smote the chylde with suche mygh
with his tayle vpon the ryghte syde
That he fell downe in that tyde
And he sterte vp anone full rygh
And defended him with muche mygh
with that staffe that was so longe
He broke of him both fote and bone
That it was wander for to se

He was so tought he myght not dye
with his a staffe that was so stronge
Tyl degore one stroke at hym stonge
He smote him on the crowne so hye
That he made his braynes out flye
And then the Erle was glad and blythe
And thanked Degore many sythe
And prayed him he wolde with hym ryde
unto his palais there beside
And there he made him a knyghte
And made him good chere that night
Rentes treasure, and halfe hys lande
He wold haue sealed in to his hande
Syr degore thanked him truely
And prayed him of his curtesye
To let his ladyes for him come
wyues maydens more and some
And also your doughter eke
And yf my gloues bene for them mete
Or wyll vpon any of their handes
Then wolde I fayne take my landes
And if my gloues wyl not so
Then wyll I take my leaue and go
Al the women were out brought
That there about might be sought
All they assayed the gloues than
But they were mete for no woman
Syr Degore toke vp his gloues anone
And also toke leaue for to gone
The earle was a Lorde of gentyl blonde
He gaue syr Degore a stede full good
And ther to he gaue him good armure

That which was bothe fayre and sure
And also a page his man to be
And an hakney to ryde on truely
Syr Degore was glad and blyth
And thanked the Erle many a sythe
he rode forth vpon hys waye
Many a myle vpon sommers daye
Vpon a daye muche people he met
He houed styl and fayre them grete
And asked a squyre what tidynge
And fro whence came al that folke ridinge
The squyer sayd syr verament
They come from the parlament
Fro a counsayle the kynge dyd make
The which is for his doughters sake
But when the parlement was most plenere
The kyng let cry both farre and nere
If any man were so bolde
That with the kynge iuste wolde
He shuld haue his doughter in mariage
And his land and his herytage
It is a lande both good and fayre
And the kynge therto hand none heyre
But certes there dare no man graũt therto
Many one sayd they myght not do
For euery man that rydeth to hym
He beteth them with strokes grime
Some he breketh the necke anone
Of some he craketh both backe and bone
Some thrugh the boddy he glitte
And some to death he smytte
And to him may no man do nothynge

Suche a grate euer had our kynge
Sir Degore stode in a studie than
And thought he was a doughtie man
And I am in my yonge bloud
And I haue horse and armure good
And as I trowe a ful stood steede
I wyll assaye if I maie spede
And yf I maie beare the kynge downe
I maye be a man of great renowne
And if that he me fel can
There knoweth no body what I am
Death or life what so betide
I wyll once against him ride
Thus in the citie his ynne he takes
And rested hym and merye makes
So vpon a daye the kynge he met
He kneled downe and sayde he grette
He saide sir king of muche myght
My Lorde hath sent me to you right
To warne you howe it shall be
My lord wyll come and fight with the
To iust with the my lorde hath nome
The kynge sayde he shal be welcome
Be he knyght or barowne
Erle, duke, or churle in towne
There is no man I wyll forsake
who al maie wynne all maye take
Howe sir Degore iusted with the kyng
of England and smote hym downe

SOon the morowe the daye was set
The kinge aduised much the bet
But then thers was no liuing man.

That degore trusted muche vpon the
But to church that time wente he
To heare a masse of the tryuite
To the father he offred a florvne
And to the sonne an other fyne
The thirde to the holy ghost he offred
The preest in hys masse for him he prayed
And when the masse was done
Unto hys ynne he went anone
He dyd arme him well in dede
In rych armure good at nede
His good stede he began to stryde
And toke hys spere and forth dyd ryde
His knaue toke another spere
And after his mayster he gan it bare
Thus in the felde syr Degore abode than
The kynge came with manye a man
Manye came thyder redelye
To se the iustynge trulye
All that in the fielde were
They sayde and did swere
That they neuer or that tyme se
So fayre a man with theyr eye
As was that yonge knyght syr Degore
But none wyst what man was he
They rode togyther at the last
On theyr good stedes ful faste
The kyng had the greater shafte
And more he coude of that crafte
To dashe him downe then he ment
And in his shielde set suche a dente
That hys good spere al to brafte

But Degore was stronge and sate fast
Then sayd the kinge alas alas
For me befell neuer such a case
There was neuer a mã that I might hit
That euer might my stroke sit
This is a man al for the nones
For he is a man of great bones
Then toke the kynge a greater tre
And square also mote I the
And if his necke wyl not a two
Hys backe shall or that I go
The kynge rode to him with great randowne
And though to haue dasshed the chylde downe
He smote syr Degore sone anone
Ryght before the breste bone
That hys horse was rered on hye
And syr Degore was fallen nye
Syr Degore thus his course out rode
He was so angry in his mode
Alas he sayd I haue mysled yet
And he hathe me twyse hit
And neuer ones with hym I mette
By God I shall auyse bette
They rode together with great might
In theyr shieldes theyr speares pight
In their shieldes tyeir speares al to broke
Unto theyr handes with the stroke
And then the kynge began to speake
Gyue me a speare that wyll not breke
For he shall anone be smitten downe
Though he be as stronge as was Sampson
And if he be the Deuyll of hell

I shal him soone downe fel
The kynge toke a speare styffe and stronge
And Degore toke another good and longe
And stoutlye to the kynge he smytte
The kynge him fayled and Degore him hit
And sir Degore so him bete
That he made the kinges horse turn vp his fet
Boldely he rode vp than
And semed a ful goodly man
The kynge was out of his sadel cast
wherof his doughter was sore agast
Then was there muche noyse and cry
The kynge was sore a shamed for thy
wel I wote his doughter was sory
For then she wyst dedely
That she shulde maryed be
To a man of straunge countre
And lede her lyfe with such a one
That she wyst neuer fro whence he come
The kynge sayd to Sir Degore
Come hyther fayre sonne me before
And thou were as gentyl a man
As thou semest to loke vpon
And thou coude witte and season do
As thou art doughty man to
I wold thyncke my lande well beset
And if it were fyue tymes bette
For worde spoken I must nedes holde
Before my barons that be so bolde
I take the my doughter by the hande
And resse the in al my lande
To be myne heyre after me

In ioye and blysse for to be.

¶ Howe sir Degore wedded his mother the kynges doughter of England, and how she knewe that he was her sonne by the gloues.

GReate ordinaunce was there wrought
To the churche dore were they brought
And were there wedded verament
Unto the holye sacramente
Looke what foly happened there
That he shuld wed his owne mother
The which had borne hym an her syde
And yet he knewe nothyng that tyde
He knewe nothyng of her kynne
Nor she knewe nothing of hym
And both together ordeyned to bed
yet paraduenture they maie be sybbe
Thus dyd sir Degore the bolde
He wedded his mother to haue & to holde
But yet he let them not synne infere
It passed on the hye tyme of none
And the daye was nere hand donne
To bed was brought both he and she
With great myrth and solempnitie
Syr Degore stode and behelde than
And thought on the heremite ỹ holy man
That he shalde neuer for thy
Wedde no wydowe nor Ladye
But yf she myght the gloues two
Lyghtlye vpon her handes do

Alas then sayde sir Degore
The time that euer I was bore
And sayd anone with heuy chere
We had leuer then al my kingdome here
That nowe is sealed into my hadde
That I were fayre out of this land
The kynge these wordes harde tho
And sayd dhere sonne why sayest thou so
Is there ought agaynst thy wyll
Eyther done or sayde that doth the yl
Or any thyng that is misdome
Tel me and it shalbe amended sone
Nay Lord he sayd then
But for all the maryage y done hath bene
I wyl not with no woman mel
Wife widdow nor damosel
But if she might these gloues do
Lightlye vpon her handes two
And when the Lady gan this here
Anone she chaunged al her chere
And all together tonrned her mode
Her vysage wared reed as any bloud
She knewe that the gloues longed to her
And sayd geue me the gloues fayre syr
She toke the gloues in that stede
And lightely vpon her handes them did
She fell downe and began to crye
And sayd Lorde God I aske mercy
I am thy mother that did the bere
And thou arte myne owne sonne dere
Syr degore full soone tho
Toke her vp in his armes two

Then were they glad and blythe
They kylled together many a sythe
The kyng of them had great meruayle
Of the noise they made withouten faile
And was abashed of their weping
And sayde doughter what is this thynge
Father she sayde wyll ye it here
ye wene that I a maiden were
Nay truly father I am none
For it is twentye winter a gone
Thys is my sonne God it knowe
And by these glouest se it love
She tolde hym al together there
Howe he was begotten on her
Then spake sir Degore
Swete mother then sayde he
Where is my fathers wonninge
And when herd ye of him tidinge
Sonne she sayde by heauen kinge
I can tel of hym no tidinge
But when thy father from me wente
A boistlesse sworde he me lente
And charged me to kepe it than
Tyl the tyme thou were a man
She fet the sworde ful swithe
And syr Degore it out swithe
Longe and broade it was perdie
There was none suche in that contrey
Truly sayde sir Degore than
who so it owed he was a man
Nowe God of heauen he me kepe
Nyght nor daye I wyll not slepe

Tyl the time I may my fatherse
In Chriſtendome if that he be
He made him mery that ilke nyght
On the morowe when it was day lyght
He went to churche to heare a maſſe
And made him redy for to paſſe
Then ſayd the kinge my next kinne
I wyl gyue the knightes with the to wynne
Syr ſayd grammercye than
wyth me ſhal go no other man
But my knaue that may take hede
To myne armure and to my ſtede
He lept on horſe the ſouth to ſay
And rode forth on his iournay
Many a miles and manye a way
He rode forth on his palfray
And euermore he rode weſt
Tyl they came to a foreſt
Wilde beeſtes there went him by
And foules ſonge there ful merely
So longe they rode tyl it drewe to nyght
The ſonne went downe and fayled light
Unto ſome towne fayne wold he ryde
But there was none one neyther ſyde
Sone after he found a caſtel clere
A Lady truwly wonned there
A fayre caſtel of lime and ſtone
But other towne there was none
Degore ſayde to hys knaue that tide
wyl we to that caſtel ryde
And al night abyde wyl we
And aſke ledginge for charyte

The drawbridge was vndrawen tho
And the gate stode open also
Unto the castel they gan theym spede
And fyrst he stabled vp his stede
And then he set vp hys hackeney
In oughe they sounde of come and hey
He went aboute and gan to cal
Bothe in the court an eke in the hal
Neither for loue nor yet for awe
Liuinge man none there they sawe
And in the middes of the hall stoure
There was a great fyre in that houre
Then sayd his man leaue syre
I haue wonder who made thys fyre
If he wyl come agayne this night
I wyl him abide as I am a knyght
He set hym downe vpon the dease
And made hym wel at ease
Then was he ware sone of one
That in at the doze began gone
And three maydens fayre and free
That were trussed vp to the kne
Twayne of them bowes did bere
And two of them charged were
with venyson that was ful good
Then syr Degore vp stode
And blessed them anone right
But they spake not to the knyght
But went into the chambre anone
And shitte the doze ful sone
And anone after ther with al
There came a dwarfe in the hal

Foure foote was the lenght of him
Hys vysage was both greate and grimme
And the heere that on his heed was
It loketh as yelowe doth in a glosse
With mille white lace and goodly ble
But ful stoutly then loked he
He ware a cyrcote that was grene
With blaunchmer it was furred I wene
He was wel clad and wel dene
His shone was crosted as a knighte
He was large both of foote and hand
As any man was in that lande
Syr Degore loked on him tho
And to him reuerence dyd do
And he to him wolde speake no worde
But made hym redy to laye the borde
He layde the clothe and set forth bread
And also wyne both whyte and reed
Torches in the hall he did lyght
All thynge redy to souper he dyghte
And sone after with greate honoure
There came a Ladye out of her boure
And with her came maydenes fiftene
Some in reed and some in grene
Syr Degore followed anone ryght
And nought she spake vnto the knighte
But yede and washed euerychone
And to souper gan they gone
The Ladye was fayre and bryght
In the myddes of the dese she set downe right
On euery side sate maidens fine
Fayre and goodly as any was alyue

By god then sayde sir Degore
I haue you blessed and you not me
But you seme domme by saint Johan
I shall make you speke and I can
Syr Degore coude of curtesye
He yede and sat before the Lady
And when he had taken that seate
He toke a knife and cute his meate
Ful lytel meat at couper eate he
He did so behold that mayden fee
Him thought she was the fayrest Lady
That euer before he dyd see
Al his heart thought, and might
was on that Lady that was so bright
And when they had soupped al
The dwerfe brought water into the hal
Then gan they washe euerychone
And then to camber gan they gone
Trewly quod Degore and after I wyll
To loke on that Lady al my fyl
who that me warneth he shal aby
Or to do him make a sory crye
upon the stayre they them nome
And sone into the chamber he come
The lady that was so fayre and bryght
upon her bed she sate downe ryght
She harped notes swete and fine
Her maydens fylled a pece of wine
And syr Degore sate him downe
For to heare the harpes sowne
That thorowe the notes of the harpe thyn
He layd him downe and slept his fyl
Thys fayre Lady that ylke nyghte
She bad go couer that gentyl knyghte

And the Lady went to another bed at the leſt
So on the morowe when it was daye
The Lady roſe the ſothe to ſay
And into the chãbre the waye gan take
She ſayde ſyr knyght aryſe and wake
The Lady ſayd al in game
ye be well worthy to haue blame
For as a beeſt a nyght thou did ſlepe
And of my myndens thou toke ſt no kepe
And then anſwered the knight ſo fre
Mercy madam and forgyue it me
The notes of thine harpe it made
Or els the good wyne that I had
But tel me nowe my lady hende
Or I out of this chambre wende
who hath this caſtel in his hand
And who is Lorde of thys lande
whether that ye be mayden or wyfe
And in what maner ye lede your lyfe
And why ye haue ſo many women
Alone without any men
Syr fayne I wolde the tell
And thou coulde it amende wel
My father was a bolde baro wne
And holden a lorde of toure and towne
Ye had neuer childe but me
I am heyre in thys countre
Howe Sir Degore fought for a lady with
a Gyaunt and ſlewe him
There hath me wodew many a knight
And many a ſquyre wel dyght
But then there wonned here beſyde
A ſtout gyaunt ful of pryde
Ye hath me deſyred longe and yore

And hym to loue may I neuermore
He is about with his mastrye
To do me shame and vilanye
And he hathe slayne my men eche one
Saue my sorye dwarfe alone
Right as she stode she fell to the groūde
And sowned there in that stounde
Al her damoselles to her come
To comfort her and her vp nome
The ladye loked on sir Degore
Liese dame then sayde he
Be not a drade while I am here
I wyll the helpe to my power
Sir she sayde al my lande
I wyl cease it into thy hande
And all my good I wyl the giue
And al my bodye while I liue
For to be at your wyll
Erlye late loude or styl
And thy leman for to bee
To wreke me nowe on mine enemye
Then was Degore fayne to fyght
For to defend that ladyes right
And to sle that other knight
And wyn that ladye that was so bright
And as they stode both in feare
Her maydens came ridinge with heauie chere
She bade drawe the bringe hastelie
For here cometh your ennemye
Or els he wyl sle vs eche one
Syr Degore start vp a none
Out at a windowe she hym see
He was sone armed on horse hye
So stout a man as he was one

In armes sawe she neuer none
Syr Degore armed him belyue
And out of the castel he gan dryue
And rode euen the gyaunt agayne
They smote togither with much mayne
That their good speares al to brast
Degore was stronge and sate fast
But his stedes backe brage a two
Then syr Degore fel to the grounde tho
And then he stert vpan lough
And hys good swerde he out drough
Then sayd the gyaunt to hym anone
On fote we wyl together gone
Thou hast sayd Degore slayne my good stede
I hope to quite the thy mede
To flee thy stede nought I wyl
But to fyght with the my fyl
And tho they fought on fote in fere
with stronge strokes and helme clere
The gyaunt gaue syr Degore
Huge strokes great plente
And syr Degore did him also
Tyl helme and basynet brast in two
The Gyaunte was a greued sore
Because he had his bloud forlore
He stroke vpon syr Degore so
That to the grounde he made him go
Syr degore recouered sone anone
And such a stroke he gaue that knyght
And on the crowne so it sette
That through his helme and basynette
He made his swerde go thorowe his heed
The Lady sate in her castel
And sawe al the hole batayle

Howe the Gyaunt was fleine
That wolde her haue forlayne
She was as glad of that syght
As euer was byrde of the day lighte
Sir Degore came to the castle
And against him came that damosel
She thanked hym of his good deede
And to her chamber she dyd hym leade
She set him on her bedde anone
And vnarmed hym full sone
She toke hym in her armes two
And kyssed hym an hundred tymes and mo
And saide all my good I wyll the geue
And my bodye whyle I lyue
Gramercye damosell then sayde he
Of that ye haue graunted me
But I must in to farre contre
My aduentures for to see
Vnto these twelue monethes be a go
And then I shall come you to
He betoke her to heauen kynge
The Ladye wept at his departyng
Sir degore rode vpon his waye
Manye a longe ioarney
And euermore he rode weste
Tyl a lande he founde in a foreste
To hym came prickyng a knight
Wel armed and on his horse dyght
In armes that wolde endure
wyth fyne golde and ryche asure
Thre bores heades were therein
The whyche were of golde fine
As sone as euer he sawe that knyght
He spake to hym anone ryghte
And sayde vilaine what doest thou here

In my forest to flee my dere
Syr Degore sayd with wordes fiers
Syr of thy dere I take no kepe
For I am an auenturous knight
That goeth to seke warre and fight
His father answered and said sans fayle
And thou become to seke batayl
Then make the redye in a stounde
For thou hast thy felowe founde
And then syr Degore with out daunger
Armed him to fight with his father

How sir Degore fought with his father and howe his father knew him by the broken swerde.

His helme was good for the nones
And wel set with precious stones
It myght wel be hys owne sans fayle
For he wanne it ones in batail
He cast his shielde about his swere
Of royal armes good and dere
His good stede he began to stryde
He toke his speare and began to ryde
And his man toke another spere
And by hys side he gan it bere
But loke what foly began that tyde
The sonne agaynst the father gan ryde
But neyther knewe other aryght
And thus began they to fight
Sir Degore had the greater scholde
And wonder wel he could his craft
To dasshe him downe then had he went
And his shield set suche adent
That his good speare al to braste
But his father was strong and sate fasste
Another course then haue they take

The father for the sonnes sake
So harde they smote together in sothe
That theyr horses backes brake both
And then they fought on fote in fere
With hardstroke and helme clere
And thus hys father a maruayled was
Of hys swerde that was poyntles
And to hym sayde anone right
Abyde a whyle thou gentyl knyghte
where was thou borne and in what land
Syr he sayde in England
A kynges doughter is my mother
But I wote not who is my father
what is thy name then sayd he
Syr my name is Degore
Syr Degore thou art welcome
For wel I wote thou art my sonne
By thys swerde I knowe the here
The point is in my pantenere
He toke the poynt and sette it to
And they accorded bothe two
So longe they have spoke togither
Both the sonne and the father
That they be ryght wel at one
The father and the sonne alone
Syr Degore and his father dere
Into Englande they rode in fere
They were both armed and wel dighte
as it behoueth euerye knyght
They rode forth on theyr iourney
Many a myle of that countrey
and on theyr way they rode ful fast
Into englande they came at the laste
when they myght England se
They drewe thither as they wold be

When they were to the palais come
They were welcome al and some
And they beheld ouer al
The ladye them spied ouer a wal
and when that Lady sawe that sight
She went to them with al her might
and ryght wel she them knewe
And then she chaunged al her hewe
and sayd my dere sonne Degore
Thou hast thou father brought with the
Trewly madame then sayd he
Ful wel I wote it is he
Nowe thanked be god then sayd the king
For nowe I knowe without leasynge
who is Degores father in dede
The lady sowned in that stede
and soone after syghtye
The knight wedded that lady
She and her sonne was departed a twynne
For he and she were to nye kynne
Forthe then went syr Degore
with the kynge and his meynye
Hys father and his mother dere
Unto the castel they went in feare
where as dwelled that lady bryght
That he had wonne in fyght
and wedded her with great solempnyte
Before all the Lordes of that countre
Thus came the knyght out of his care
God geue vs grace wel to fare
and that we vpon domes daye
Come to the blysse that lasteth aye.

Finis.

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